Divine Madness now becomes very mysterious.

I must, distinguished doctor, make to you, in strict confidence, a confession, without which you could not comprehend the mystery. You must not regard me as the equal of any of the other afflicted ones who have the good fortune to be under your care; I am a privileged being!

A Mythical Figure, dressed possibly as a Native Shaman, approaches the reclining figure of Mental Health. Mythical Figure performs a ritual ceremony as Divine Madness speaks.

When I was yet in baby swathing, a genius came to my cradle, and bestowed on me some whimsical caresses, and placing her hand on my tender forehead, she pronounced nearly these words, which have proved prophetic; "Live, dear child, as long as humanity shall endure, and every individual who shall look upon you, or shall touch the hem of your vestment, or possess a lock of your hair, shall derive something from you, and transmit it to most distant generations. The spirit shall animate every part of your body, so that, even when detached from all the others, it shall still have sense and consciousness, and by its own proper virtue it shall tend to reunite with them."

Mythical Figure departs.

Here I now am to prove the truth of [these words], by relating to you, in length and breadth, all that happened to me whilst I appeared to be dead!